

THE FIVE CENT

WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by FRANK TOUSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Vol. I.

SINGLE
NUMBER.

November 5, 1879.

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER,
116 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

Subscription price,
\$2.50 per year.

PRICE
5 CENTS.

No. 183.

Chips and Chin Chin.

By PETER PAD.



"Ye dirty haythin, ye!" she yelled, and seizing him by the pigtail, she pulled him down on the floor, where she hammered him lustily.

CHAPTER I.

"CHIPS."

Well, let's find out about him first.

He was about fifteen years of age, but always a little bit of a fellow, although as bright, smart and active as they make 'em anywhere.

Who he was, proved to be a conundrum which he never could solve, for ever since he could remember he had been called "Chips," and never knew any other name.

San Francisco, California, was his home, if he had any, for there he had always lived, so far as

he knew, and had worked his way thus far through life within its boundaries.

He had never been to school a day in his life, but he was one of those apt little fellows who can pick up and learn more in the streets than some boys can learn by going to school all their lives.

In San Francisco they call such fellows Hoodlums, but Chips was superior to this class in many respects, although he had almost always associated with them. He had picked up a little of everything that he had ever seen or heard, in-

cluding considerable ventriloquism, which he had learned by seeing performers at the variety theaters, and persevering until he could imitate and equal them—yes, and in some little things excel them.

This amusing art he had learned and practiced for the entertainment of his hoodlum associates, while his daily bread and butter, if earned at all, was earned by blacking boots, selling papers, and doing little odd jobs.

But whatever fortune awaited him, he was always a jolly, free-and-easy, good-hearted, good

looking fellow, ready for fun of almost any kind, from bothering Chinamen to frightening an old woman by imitating a dog at her heels.

This was Chips.

Now for Chin Chin.

As you probably suspect from the name, he was a Chinaman, an almond-eyed Celestial, about forty years of age, although there was nothing certain regarding this, since all Chinamen look about the same age, from the time they get their growth until they die of old age; and, in fact, there is nothing certain about Chinamen anyway, only that they will eat rats and steal whenever they have an opportunity.

But Chin Chin was in many respects an exception to his race. They are generally thrifty and industrious; he was shiftless and inclined to beat his way through the world without work.

He had been in California several years, and had managed to pick up considerable of the "Melican Man's" talk, together with his ideas of speculation and love for whiskey. But so many of his fellow-countrymen had come to seek homes and fortunes in the Golden state, and they were so ready to work for almost anything, that Chin Chin at length became disgusted, and had visions of the east and New York.

New York, he had heard, was the paradise of men who get along without work, and he longed to reach it; but without a cent in his pocket, and New York three thousand miles away, the prospect of ever reaching it seemed rather blue and remote.

But finally he made up his mind to tramp it, steal rides and whatever he could, whenever he could, and so take chances at reaching New York.

It was no trouble at all to pack his trunk, for he could carry all of his worldly possessions in a pill-box, with the exception of what he wore on his back, and that might have been crowded into a collar-box easily.

He tried to persuade some of his friends to come along and partake of a tramp's luck with him, but they refused; and so one day he started off all alone.

Going to the freight depot of the Union Pacific R. R., over to Oakland, he watched his opportunity and stowed himself away in a freight car that was loaded with wheat, billed for Chicago, Ill.

"Muchie damie goodie, so be," he muttered, as he burrowed down into the grain to get out of sight. "Eatie wheatie an' no starvie, so be. Ridie big long like dam, an' no catchie. Hi—hi! Melican man muchie big fool like Chinaman more so, evly time. Nuffy goodie," and hearing some one moving on the top of the car, he ducked his head down under the wheat, and remained as still as a mouse.

Now, it so happened that Chips had heard of the great cities and bright prospects eastward, and he also made up his mind to leave California and try his luck in some other locality; for he possessed a roving nature, and would have gone to sea on many occasions if he had only been large enough to be of any service.

Finally he made a start, and resolved on beating his way eastward the best he could. Having heard much of people stealing rides on the freight trains, he concluded to try his luck at it, and curiously enough stole into the same car where Chin Chin had only just burrowed his way into the grain.

"Oh, spiders! how's this?" said he, gazing upon the car half filled with loose wheat. "I guess not. If I can't hide in that wheat, and live on it, too, for a week, my name ain't Chips; whist!"

He glanced cautiously around, and seeing no one looking he leaped nimbly in, and began tramping around to find a good spot to burrow in.

"I's sour on 'Frisco, I is, an' here goes for givin' it a dead shake," he muttered.

While walking around in the wheat he stepped on Chin Chin's head, and pushed it down a little further.

"What the blazes is that, I wonder?" said he, leaving the spot, and going to the other end of the car. "Funny, if it should be some udder cove in der same box."

But he gave it only a passing thought, for he was too intent on getting himself out of sight to think of anyone else.

"Damie doggie, I guess," mused Chin Chin, after Chips had trodden on his head. "If he stayie here, I eat him, so be."

But he was too much frightened to lift his head up out of the grain to see what it was, and so remained quiet lest he should betray his hiding-place. The train was not yet made up, and it was fully an hour before it started, during which somebody had locked the door, and the switch engine had pulled and backed a dozen times in getting the train together right.

Finally they started. The car was quite dark, although a ventilating hole in each door afforded a little light, and just as quick as they felt themselves under way, they each lifted their heads up out of the grain that they might breathe better; but, as luck would have it, they were back to back, and did not see each other at first.

In this way they rode forty or fifty miles. It was an easy bunk for them, and each congratulated himself on the "soft thing" they had for a long ride; but on arriving at Sacramento this particular car was detached from the train, and run upon a side track.

Chin Chin crept from his burrow, and tried to see where he was by looking out of the hole in the door; but catching sight of Chips he darted back and dove into the grain out of sight again, while Chips did the same, each one afraid of the other.

They lay thus for half an hour or more, when the door on one side of the car was unlocked and thrown open, and some men began to throw in bags of corn which they were unloading from a big wagon.

The first one struck squarely on the spot where Chin Chin lay, and it drove his head so far into the grain that he was nearly smothered and smashed.

"Oh, cussie damie!" said he, and he instantly began to dig through the grain for a safer locality.

But he had only succeeded in getting out from under the heavy bag, when another one was thrown in and landed on top of him, hard enough to drive him through the bottom of the car.

"Oh, damie—damie!" he yelled, and the two men who were throwing in bags stopped suddenly, and looked at each other.

"Did you hear anything, Ben?" asked one.

"Seems like I did, but I guess not," replied the other, and again they seized a bag of corn, swung it once or twice, and again chucked it in on top of the others.

"Oh, cussie, damie!" they heard, in smothered tones, down somewhere in the grain.

"What in thunder is that, anyway?" said one of the teamsters, looking a trifle alarmed.

"Let's see what it is," and together they both entered the car, and began tramping around.

Before long one of them planted his big foot on the top of Chin Chin's head, after he had worked himself out from under the heavy bag.

"Ouie! cussie, damie!" he yelled, and then the teamster, suspecting the truth, pushed away the grain, and pulled Chin Chin out by his pigtail, he yelling all the while like a real pig whose corkscrew narrative was being pulled.

"What the blazes are you doing here?" demanded the man, as the poor devil regained his feet.

Chips, in the meanwhile, was laying low, and hoping that nothing would either befall or fall on him.

"What are you doing here? Trying to steal a ride?"

"Ouie, noe! ondy sleepie liddle bittie, so be," said Chin, looking as innocent as a spring lamb.

"Too thin, John, too thin," said they both.

"Muchie too thiekie; like more. Me bang-up Chinaman; me can no tellie lie."

"Too thin. Bounce!" said they, pointing to the door.

"Makie no lie; me good Chinaman, square," he pleaded.

"Git!"

"Paddle!"

"Dust out!" and seeing there was no help for it, poor Chin Chin reluctantly left the car, although he congratulated himself that his pockets, belly and boots, were full of wheat.

"Makie damie much stinkie 'bout liddle ride," he muttered, as he walked out upon the platform of the depot.

"Now, let's see if there's any more of 'em hidden away in the wheat," said one of the men, at which Chips burrowed still further down into the grain.

"It would spoil the sale of the wheat if it was known, that's sure," replied his companion.

They searched around for some time, tramping down deep into the grain, and at last one of them stepped upon Chips.

"Ah, here's another one!" said he. "Why, confound it, the wheat is full of 'em! Come out here, John," and reaching his hand down into the grain, he tried to find another pigtail; but, failing that, he pulled Chips out by the nape of the neck.

"That's not a Johnnie," said one.

"No, it's a hoodlum. What are you doing here?"

"Stealin' a ride, of course. What's der matter wid yer?" said Chips, indignantly.

"Well, you're a nice plum to steal a ride, arn't yer? Where'd yer come from, 'Frisco?"

"Yes, an' yer might let a feller ride."

"You just bounce out o' this! Git, or I'll take yer ter set a trap wid!" and Chips was hustled out.

"Wonder how many more there is here?" and they continued the search, while Chips and Chin Chin stood looking in at the door.

Chips saw a chance for a little fun, and so, imitating a smothered voice, he called out to be released.

"Yes, by thunder, there's another!" said they both, and at it they went to find him.

"Where are you?"

"*Under der bags*," came the smothered voice of Chips, and so like reality it seemed, that the men both began to throw aside the bags.

As the first one struck about ten feet away towards the forward end of the car, a grunt of pain was heard, and both men stopped work.

"Hang my Ebenezer, if there arn't another one over there!"

"I told you the wheat was full of 'em. Let's get this fellow out first," and taking up another bag, they threw it towards the other end of the car, when another grunt of anguish was heard.

"Great Jiminy! there's still another one! Well, them chaps in the freight-house at Oakland must be a careless lot of galoots."

"You are right, they are!" and again they began to dig down among the bags and grain in search of the other Chinaman who was supposed to be there.

But of course they did not find him, and so they went to the other end and began to dig for the other.

Chips, in the meantime, was throwing his voice first in one end of the car and then in the other, making it sound as though the people who were supposed to be buried there were crying to get out.

The two men were bothered dreadfully, and spent nearly an hour in searching. It was a first-rate joke on them, and Chips enjoyed it so much that he almost forgot the bounce he had received.

As for Chin, he was as much puzzled as the men were. He couldn't understand how so many beats besides himself could get into the car without being seen, nor could he

understand why they were not dug out and bounced out, as he and the little fellow had been.

"Oh, let 'em go to thunder," said one of the men.

"Let's unload this corn. It won't be any great loss if a few Chinamen do get smothered."

"No, only it will spoil the wheat."

"Well, that won't hurt us any. Come along."

So they resumed the unloading of their corn, and Chips and Chin Chin started sorrowfully along the platform towards the city.

They eyed each other for some time without saying a word, for they both felt mad and foolish, and wanted to club themselves for having such luck.

"Hoodleum?" asked Chin, finally.

"No, I'm a fool. But if it hadn't a been for you I shouldn't have been bounced," replied Chips.

"Me bounce, too, so be!" said Chin, evidently thinking that this fact would make Chips feel better. "Me alle same, like you, damie foolie; all same, damie beat," and he laughed gleefully.

"Who be you, anyway?"

"Me Chin Chin; goodie, nice Chinaman; bang uppie, like Melican man, so be."

"Where are you goin'?"

"Hapsie don't know; takee chance, go Noo Ork, big nice."

"You're a tramp, hey?"

"No; me ridie spect, when can."

"Yes, an' hoof it when yer get bounced."

"Plenty mo Chinamen in wheatie."

Chips smiled at the deception he had caused.

"Makie you name whatie?"

"My name! Oh, my name's Chips."

"Chipie? Go run, hop skippie way from 'Frisco?"

"Yes, I'm sour on 'Frisco. Wonder what place this is, anyway?"

"Saclamento."

"Sacramento? Well, I'll be hanged! Why, we must have ridden all night in dat bloody car. Got any soap?" he added, looking up at Chin.

"Soapie? No, me no washie."

"Got any dust?"

"Dustie on hat, so be. Wheatie in pocket," and sitting down, he pulled out about two quarts of wheat, while a grin overspread his mug that told how satisfied he was.

"Got any money?"

"One, two bittie, so be. *You* bittie?" he added, earnestly.

"Not a bit; I'm scooped out," said Chips, resolved not to acknowledge the few bits he had about him.

"So be! Muchie damie too dead bustie."

"That's so, Chin Chin; we're two orphans."

"So be!" said Chin, rolling his almond eyes.

"Two poor, fatherless children."

"Muchie damie poor housie; chi—chi! Wheatie, you betee," said he, suddenly recovering from his gloomy looks and taking a mouthful of wheat.

"Well, where shall we go now?"

"Go tramp; so be."

"Take the railroad track?"

"Goodie, guess. Walkie muchie?"

"Walk! been on my pins ever since I was born, I reckon. But let us find out what town or place comes next to this," saying which, he started off towards the passenger depot.

Going to the window of the ticket-office he asked for a railroad map. The man in the office looked down at him very much as a mastiff glowers down upon a presumptuous poodle.

"What do you want it for?" he asked, at length.

"For Mr. Chin Chin there."

"Chin Chin! who the devil is he?"

"Why, he's a nabob. Got slathers of money, an' I'm goin' ter take him on east; see?" said Chips.

"He looks like a nabob, that's a fact. Who does he do washing for?" said the agent, sneeringly.

"Hold on, boss; take a quiet tumble now, and don't give yerself away. He ain't got his good harness on now, but don't make any mistake about him; he's got the dust, so trot out the map, for he wants to see the route."

"Wants to see whether it is cheaper to ride or walk, does he?" said the agent, laughing, and handing him out a folded map and time-table, such as the railroad companies give away.

"Oh, how fresh you be! I'd like to help pickle you, mister," said Chips, running from the room, followed by Chin Chin.

"Gittie?"

"You bettie."

"Readie?"

"Muchie."

"Go schoolie?"

"Of course; but I got kicked out the second day, an' it hurt my feelings so I couldn't go any more; but you bet I can read. Now, let's see," said he, after going a short distance, "here we be," and he ran his fingers along the map.

"Muchie good cheekie," mused Chin Chin, as he stood gazing admiringly upon his little companion.

Here's 'Frisco; here's the bay; here's Oakland, where the cars start from, and here's Sacramento."

"Yes, nice placie," mused Chin.

"And the next station is Stockton—no, that's going back again; the next place on the map is Newcastle, twenty-six miles from Sacramento. Let's hoof it to there an' then perhaps we can hook a ride."

"Hookie now all same."

"No, these chaps have spotted us. We must hoof it."

"So be," said Chin, stolidly.

Going back to the depot, they each took a drink of water and freshened up for a start. The ticket-agent spotted them.

"Well, how about the celestial nabob; has he made up his mind to ride or walk?" he asked, laughing.

"Oh, you go out in the sun an' ripen," said Chips, contemptuously.

"I guess you'll get well ripened before many days."

"All right; I'll send you back a seed."

"No, never mind; I don't want anything seedier than you are now."

"Don't yer go out in der sun, ole man; you're so fresh you'd spile in no time," said Chips, laughing.

"You get out or I'll spoil you!" said the agent, picking up a paper-weight to throw at him, at which both Chips and Chin Chin skipped out on the double quick.

"Got more say than Chinaman," said Chin.

"Yes, he should be named Chin Chin."

Taking to the track, they walked along at quite a brisk pace, and in the course of an hour had left the beautiful city of Sacramento behind them. Chips was in high spirits, but Chin Chin seemed to feel that he was not being treated just right in thus being bounced out of his ride and having to walk.

"How muchie now?" he asked, at length.

"How much what?"

"How muchie mo' to Noo 'Ork?"

Chips looked at his faltering companion a moment, and then began to laugh heartily. He had studied the journey pretty well, and knew about how far it was from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast, although in reality he didn't care whether he ever got to the end of the route or not, so long as he got away from San Francisco.

"Whattie laughie 'bout?" he asked, sadly.

"Oh, we are almost there, Chin," said he.

"How muchie come?"

"About fifty miles."

"So be! How muchie more?"

"Oh, only about three thousand."

Chin Chin made a wild grab for his pigtail, and then

tumbled down on the track all in a heap, so utterly was he overcome.

"Oh, brace up, old man!" said Chips, laughing at the weakening performance.

"Oh, hellie! Oh, damiel!" he groaned.

"Brace up, and come along. We'll hook a ride by-and-by," said he, encouragingly.

"Oh, cussie—cussie! Me go back."

"Not much! Come along!" and Chips lifted him up by the arm.

The fact was, Chin Chin had got the idea into his head somehow, that he could walk the distance in two or three days, and when he understood that it would probably take him three or four months, his heart failed him.

It required considerable urging on the part of Chips to get him to resume the journey, but he finally got him going again, and they walked on till dark, at which time they fetched up at a little station about ten miles from Sacramento.

There was a shanty which answered for a depot, although there were no houses in sight, or any person who appeared to have anything to do with the station. But there were a couple of freight cars standing on a side track, one of them being a box car, and the other a platform car on which stood three or four large empty hogsheads.

They sat down there in the twilight, and made a supper on the wheat which they found in their pockets, and some fruit which they had cribbed on the way.

There they sat, a genuine pair of tramps.

"Well, Chin, how do you feel now?" asked Chips, after they had finished.

"Better in bellie, so be, but damie fool in head all same," replied Chin, ruefully.

"What are you a fool about?"

"Tree thousan' milie!" he groaned.

"Oh, that's nothing! Wonder what's in the big barrels?" and leaping upon the platform car, he made it his business to investigate. "Oh, bully, Chin!"

"Whattie bully?"

"There's nothin' in 'em but a little straw. Here's where we'll take a sleep ter-night. See?"

Chin climbed up to see for himself, and being satisfied, he proceeded to occupy one of them without further loss of time, while Chips got into another.

"How is this for high, Chinny, ole man?"

"Belly big," said he, and then he nestled down into the straw, and was soon asleep.

In fact, they both went to sleep almost as soon as they got the loose straw over them, for they were very tired, and quite used to that style of bunking. And what a sweet sleep it was, and how quickly they forgot that they were tramps with a long journey before them.

It was nearly daybreak when they were aroused by a sudden bumping against the car. They both leaped to their feet, and looked out over the edges of their sleeping-rooms.

Chin Chin was utterly confused, but Chips took in the situation at a glance. A freight train had come along, and had coupled on the two empty cars.

"All right, Chin; we're going to get a ride after all. Oh, I guess not," he added, as one of the brakemen climbed up on a forward car, and swung his lantern as a signal to the engineer.

The train was soon under headway, and so good did Chips feel at their streak of good luck, that he danced a breakdown among his straw.

"Muchie bully," said Chin.

"You bet. The two orphans arn't out in the cold much of any; hey, what d'yer say?"

"Makie noise, gettie bounce."

"That's so. Guess we'll sleep awhile longer."

By this time the morning had dawned beyond the Rocky Mountains, and they could see the landscape.

All at once Chin Chin began to shout, pull his pigtail,

and make up the worst looking face that ever was seen upon an ugly mug.

"Oh, damie—damie! Stopie—stopie!" he yelled, in his piping little voice.

"What's the matter? Got the jims?"

"Stopie—stopie!"

"What for?" asked Chips, looking around.

"Go backie—go backie!"

"What?"

"Go backie Saclamento like hellie!"

"Is that so?"

"Lookie!" and the Chinaman pointed to a hill by which they had walked the evening before.

"That's so, by thunder! We must jump off," said Chips, leaping from his hogshead.

The train by this time had got well agoing, and was making at the rate of twenty miles an hour towards Sacramento.

"Jumpie?"

"Yes. Come on. We can do it easy enough."

"Alle yite," and crawling from his hogshead, he followed the example of little Chips, and stood at the edge of the platform—ready for a leap.

Chips had his eyes open, and watching for a favorable opportunity. Finally the train began to cross a piece of soft, marshy ground.

"Now!" cried Chips, and he leaped out into the air, followed by Chin Chin.

They had both miscalculated the rate of speed at which the train was moving. Chips, however, being the lightest, was not influenced by it so much, but poor Chin Chin went spinning through the air like a broken kite, and landed head first in a slough, into which he went nearly half the length of his body.

Chips struck squarely upon his feet, but the soil being very soft he went into it up to his knees, and had considerable difficulty in getting out.

Seeing the predicament Chin Chin was in, he ran to his assistance, and succeeded in pulling him out of the mud.

But what a sorry-looking Chinaman he was!

Eyes, mouth, nose, ears, all full of black mud, to say nothing of the wind being nearly bounced out of his body.

"Hurt yer much, pard?" asked Chips.

"Oh, damie—damie!" he said, faintly, at the same time spitting out a mouthful of mud.

"Well, yer wind-pipe's all right, anyway," said Chips, smiling in spite of himself at the comical figure of his partner in disappointment.

"Alle here?" he asked, spitting and digging out more soil, at the same time feeling of himself.

"You seem ter be. Any bones bust?"

"Me bustie allie olver. Oh; cussie, damie!"

"Come up on the track," said Chips, leading the way.

"Me damie fool all same evly day, so be," he growled, as he followed for dry land.

It took half an hour's scraping and washing to get Chin Chin so he looked like himself again, and during that time Chips had to laugh or burst at the lonesome expressions of sorrow and disgust which the poor devil let fall regarding his luck.

It was a wonder that he hadn't turned out broken China, for had anybody seen him as he made his leap for a stopping-place, they wouldn't have given an old tomato can for him. Fortunately for his neck and bones, however, the mud was soft, and ready to receive him for better or worse.

"Rather bad luck we're having, pard."

"Cussie debel luckie, so be, bah!" said Chin.

"Never mind, Chin; a bad beginnin' makes a good endin', so I've hearn say."

"Breakie damie neckie, 'haps; zen what?"

"Oh, that settles it, of course. But come on; let's take a walk before breakfast, just to get up an appetite."

The Chinaman looked at the little tramp with great astonishment.

"Appetite?" he asked.

"Of course. Come on. We can't eat until we get an appetite, can we?"

"Better walkie an' find bleakflast fo' appetite. So be, guess, all same," and he attempted to laugh at his own wit, as he followed slowly along after his companion.

"All the same in Dutch."

"Not allie same in China, so be."

"Well, you won't know the difference a hundred years from now. But come along. It's only a little way back to where we started from."

Hobbling and grumbling, at the rate of two grumbles to one hobble, he followed Chips, and in about half an hour they reached the station from which they had so unexpectedly started the wrong way.

Chin Chin sat down to rest, while Chips went hunting around to see if he could find anything for his appetite, having found that without much trouble.

The little wheat that each had left was shaken out of their clothes, and poor Chin was almost despairing; but after going a few rods, Chips found evidences of habitation, although this did not interest him half so much as did a good fat rabbit, which he found in a snare by the side of a little path in the woods.

Taking it carefully out, and setting the trap again, he ran back joyfully to Chin Chin, and away they went down the road so as to be out of sight. Stocks were up with Chin once more, and as he was a tolerably good cook, he proceeded to dress the rabbit, while Chips made a fire to broil it with.

While they were eating it, a passenger train thundered by, but they were so happy that they hardly envied those who were able to ride in it, for when a fellow gets right down to the hard pan of life, it takes only a little to make him feel both happy and contented.

They were just gathering up the fragments of their breakfast, calculating to take it along for dinner, when a huge, red-nosed, ragged tramp, flourishing a big horse pistol in each hand, sprang upon them, with froth in his mouth and terror in his eye.

"Ha, villains, I have ye!" he yelled, in a hoarse, wild voice. "Yer money or yer fives!"

Both Chips and Chin Chin were frightened nearly out of their wits. Chin fell upon his knees, and implored mercy with his looks, for he couldn't speak a word, while Chips muttered something to himself.

"Come, shell out! Give me yer money, young feller!"

"I—I haven't any," stammered Chips.

"Come here; lemme see," and he went through him in a twinkling, taking three or four dollars, all the poor fellow had, after which he went through Chin Chin, and was rewarded by two "bits."

"Now, then, trot out that grub. What business have two such suckers as you a eatin', an' honest men like me a goin' hungry? Hurry up," and he proceeded to devour what there was left of the rabbit, showing that he had found an appetite some time ago.

Chips had his eye on the big rascal's pistols, which he had lain down by his side.

PART II.

WHILE the big ruffianly tramp who had overtaken them at their rabbit breakfast, and robbed them of what they had left of it, as well as what little money they had, was eating, Chips was watching his huge horse pistols, which he had placed on either side of him as he squatted down to eat.

Chin Chin also recovered from his fright when he found that his head was not going to be blown to pieces, and then he was as mad as a bob-tailed mule. He was also eying the pistols, seeming to understand that his little friend was good for one of them if he could get the other.

The hoggish highwayman-tramp concluded that he had them thoroughly frightened, and so was gorging himself with the meat, when, quick as a flash, Chips snatched one of the pistols and Chin Chin the other.

"Here! Thunder an' brass spuns, put down them ere weepins or I'll eat yer both!" yelled the ruffian, at the same time nearly choking himself with the meat.

"Not much," said Chips, starting away a few paces and cocking his pistol.

"Notie muchie, if he know hiself putly good," chimed Chin Chin, following Chips' example.

"What in blazes are yer goin' ter du?"

"Putie down damie klick," added Chin.

"Come out with our dust."

"Dustie out some klick, so be."

"Boy, I'll feed cyoots with yer."

"No yer won't, ole man," replied Chips, firmly.

"And as for this heathen Chinee, I'll grease the track with him and stop a train."

"Come down klick," and Chin approached from one side while Chips went for him on the other.

"Shell out."

"All right, boys, I'll shell," said the bully, suddenly toning down. "Put down them pistils."

"Nary once. Shell out."

"Klick, or off go headie, pop!" added Chin.

"Wal, here you are," said he, producing the money with a very bad grace, and throwing it back to them. "I war only foolin' wid yer, boys, that's all."

"An' we're only in earnest with you. Now you dust out or we'll bore holes in yer."

"No. Makie shellie out more."

"Stop! Got any powder or bullets?"

"No."

"Got anything else?"

"No."

"Here, Chin, take this other pistol and cover him while I go through him and see what he has got," said Chips, handing him his pistol.

"What? Great America! Would you commit highway robbery on a chap?" he asked, in astonishment.

"What did you do to us? Show up!" saying which he proceeded to go through the big ruffian in the most approved style, while Chin Chin, with a pistol in each hand, was dancing around in high glee, and keeping all thoughts of resistance out of the fellow's head.

"Makie damie cussie shelly out!" he would cry every now and then, and seemed to be in ecstasies over the prospect of getting something that did not belong to him.

But the "shell" didn't amount to much beyond a small bottle of powder, some caps, and a few bullets, which were, in fact, just what Chips wanted. Besides this there were a few odds and ends of everything almost, such as tramps pick up and carry along with them, not because of their value or usefulness so much as because they had opportunity for stealing them.

"Now you let out yer legs an' dust," said he, after getting the ammunition.

"Makie dusty kick up like hellie! Hop skippie!" put in Chin Chin.

"Now look a here, sonny, this yer arn't jist kersactly the cheese," said he, whiningly, "let's kinder jine in an' tramp together."

"Not any. You're bad."

"Nonsense. A chap's got ter get a livin' somehow, you know. I'm a fust-class chap."

"Yes; but we aren't a travelling fust-class. Git out; I wouldn't be found dead in your company; would you, Chin?"

"Me allie samie likie you, so be," replied Chin.

"Wal, yer the durndest alfred stuck-up crowd ever I seen. I wouldn't go wid yer noways."

"I know it, so waltz out."

"Go skippie, quick, or off go headie shootie."

"All right for you, John, I'll have a chance ter chaw you up some time. I'm bad when my hump's up."

"Guess yer hump was up when yer was born, then," said Chips, at which Chin laughed like a monkey.

With a frown and a swagger the big bully started ahead along the track, while the Chinaman danced gleefully and still pointed his pistol after him.

"How's that, Chin?" asked Chips, after the fellow had got some distance away.

"Belly good, so be likie damie fool gettie guns an' shootie self more like," and he laughed and chattered both in broken China and English.

Well, after a while they started to continue their long tramp eastward, each one taking a pistol and marching along with much pomposity.

The scenery before reaching Newcastle is some of the most beautiful in the world, for a view of the great Sacramento valley stretches out as far as the eye can reach, and as the track at this point is nearly a thousand feet above the level of the sea one can fancy how delightful the view must be, composed as it is of towering mountains, huge forests and winding streams, bordered by fruits, flowers, and a leafy loveliness which even the tropics cannot surpass.

Newcastle is a little bright place, 170 miles from San Francisco, but it is noted principally for being one of the stopping places on the Union Pacific Railroad.

They reached this in a few hours, and after taking a rest they continued on towards Auburn, about five miles further east. Nothing of much importance transpired during the remainder, although as they became tired and footsore they could not help envying the more fortunate ones who were whisking past them every few minutes on the flying trains.

"Well, Chin, how do yer like it as far's you've got?" asked Chips, as they trudged along.

"Belly goodie. Likie you?"

"I'm not in love with it, Chin. My feet are getting sore."

"Melican shoes badie. Chinaman makie goodie."

This seemed to be the truth, for their stiff wooden shoes are much better for a long walk than the more limber leather ones are.

While walking along between Newcastle and Auburn, Chin Chin suddenly discovered a jack rabbit, one of those huge animals that are almost large enough to be called a jackass, sitting perched upon a rock by the side of the track.

"Oh, lookie. Assjackie, belly good meatie," he exclaimed, pointing to it and drawing his big pistol.

"Go for him, Chin," said Chips, who was too tired to take a hand in the chase.

"You bettie, so be," he replied, starting for Mr. Jack Rabbit.

But Mr. Jack Rabbit didn't appear to be much frightened until Chin got almost upon him, then he turned tail and ran through the cut like a streak of up and down lightning.

"Cussie damie assjackie!" yelled Chin, and after him he started as hard as he could run, his pig tail streaming out behind him, and his hat waiting to keep company with Chips.

It was a comical sight and Chips laughed heartily at it, all the while urging him to keep up the chase.

"Go it, ole man. I'll give you two bits for his skin!"

The rabbit seemed to be enjoying the fun quite as much as Chips was, for after running a few rods, it would stop and rear up on its hind legs and take a look at the pursuing Chinaman, and then when he got a little nearer, he would start and run again, which made Chin Chin awful mad.

Finally, when he got within three or four rods of him, he stopped, and taking deliberate aim with his old horse pistol, he fired.

The next minute there was a spinning Chinaman going heels over head in one direction and a jack rabbit in another, while the old pistol went flying up into the air. It had been heavily loaded, and probably had not been fired in a year, consequently there was a "kick" that poor Chin Chin had not dreamed of.

Chips ran to pick him up, not knowing whether he was knocked all to pieces or not. In truth he was somewhat shaken up besides being frightened out of his wits, and as the little fellow assisted him to his feet, his teeth were chattering and his eyes sticking out far enough to hang a hat on.

"What's the matter, ole man?"

"Cussie damie!" he gasped, glaring wildly around.

"Hurt yer much?"

"Heap damie. Where be?"

"Oh, yer all here. But I thought yer was busted, China, when I saw yer spinning in the air," said Chips, laughing in spite of himself.

"Heap big thunder strikie poor Chin Chin."

"Oh, no, it was only yer gun a goin' off."

"Knockie like cussie damie mule, so be. Where assjack rabbie jumpie?" he asked, looking around to see if he had knocked the stuffing out of his game.

"Oh, he skipped; lit out on the double quick."

"Cussie damie some mo', quick, heap big. Where shootie gun?"

"There it is, over there," and he went and picked it up for him.

"No—no—no moley! Gotie heap plenty. No moley shootie foley me," said he, refusing to receive it.

"What! Going back on yer gun?"

"Kickie damie headie off bum—bum."

"Nonsense. It won't kick so hard next time."

"Gettie no rabbie, too, so be," said he, mournfully.

"Never mind, we will come across another one and we'll both go for him. I'll load up again," and he proceeded to do so while Chin Chin fingered his pig tail to see if it was safe, and carefully went all over himself to see if he was all there.

Chips loaded it up lightly, but instead of giving it back to him, he gave him the one he had, they both being alike. The fact was, he concluded that if his pistol kicked as badly as the other one did, he didn't care to fire it first, and as Chin had got used to it, he thought he wouldn't mind it so much as a green hand would.

Chin Chin received it with considerable reluctance, for he didn't care about being kicked around in that manner very often.

"Kickie?" he asked.

"No, yer took the kick all out of it."

"Cussie damie! Takie kickie all outie me, mosly. So be," he replied, shaking his head sadly.

Once more they started along, and after walking a mile or so Chin Chin began to regain his spirits, and as he felt hungry he kept his eye going for game.

Finally they saw another jack rabbit and both began creeping up towards him cautiously.

"Gittie fo' shure!" whispered Chin. "Now, heap bang," said he, and taking aim they both fired at the same instant.

They killed the rabbit, but once more was poor Chin Chin almost knocked into a cocked hat by the kicking of his pistol.

Chips ran to pick up the game while Chin Chin was left to pick himself up. He groaned and grunted in two or three languages for a while, and then finally got himself together once more.

But, oh, what a badly mad and demoralized Chinaman he was! He fairly danced, and had it not been for Chips he would have been run over by an approaching train, being so hotly engaged in cursing that he did not notice its approach.

When it had passed, however, and they once more took

possession of the track, Chips held up the dead rabbit that the sight might soothe his wounded feelings and body, for it certainly needed something.

"Noley moley shootie, so be, you bettie," said he.

"Ah, but look at that! Now yer arn't sorry."

Chin regarded the fat rabbit for a moment without speaking, but finally a reconciled grin overspread his features and he was conquered by his stomach, as better men are oftentimes.

"Belly goodie," said he.

"Yes, an' good for belly. Come, let's hide him under our clothes."

"Hidie?"

"Yes," and he made a motion with his finger towards his mouth, which the Chinaman readily understood, and grinned like a jack-o'-lantern.

They were not long in preparing it for the fire which Chips had built, and once more did they enjoy the delight of a good meal, after which they continued their journey on towards Auburn.

Here they resolved to stay all night and get a bed if possible, while Chin Chin thought to himself that the desires of his heart would be full if he could only find a hen-coop somewhere.

Auburn is one of the prettiest little places on the road, containing about one thousand inhabitants, two churches, good schools, and very fine orchards. Orange and lemon orchards, together with dates and other semi-tropical fruits, are very abundant here, while grapes grow in wonderful profusion, and on their approach to the place the two tramps helped themselves whenever they could.

It was while treating himself to some luscious grapes and oranges that Chin Chin met with a little mishap, which would have been decidedly awkward had not his little companion been at hand.

While sampling them with great satisfaction, and pronouncing them "belly good," a big ram discovered and went for him, business end first, knocking him gally west. Not only did he knock him over upon his face, but he followed it up by prancing around him in a warlike manner, frisking his horny head and short tail, and giving him additional butts whenever he made an attempt to get up.

It seemed to be an unlucky day for poor Chin, and he yelled like a stuck pig, and called for Chips to come to his rescue.

But it was a minute or two before he could do so, for he had to laugh in spite of the seriousness of the affair, after which he succeeded in driving the ram away.

"Rip cussie damie heap!" said he, as he scrambled to his feet. "Poor Chinaman get he damie self knockie alle same eby time likie heap fool."

"You are having it rather rough, Chin, that's a fact," said Chips, laughing.

"Muchie cussie, so be aldy time," and with several additional limps and aches, he started back to the railroad track again.

"Too bad, Chin."

"Goodly 'nough, so be, servie all yight, heap fool all time," he continued, as they continued on towards the depot at Auburn.

"And all for a few bunches of grapes."

"So be, cussie bad grape andly way," said he, like the fox in the fable, whereat Chips laughed more heartily than before.

The truth was, Chips was really enjoying the sore mishaps of his comical companion, and already he had made up his mind that he should have lots of fun with him, even if he had to walk all the way. In fact, he began to like Chin Chin, and wouldn't have parted company with him for a good deal, while Chin Chin was already a great admirer of his little partner in poverty.

Arriving at the town they went to one of the hotels to see if they could get a place to sleep, and in the bar-room

who should they discover but the big duffer who had robbed them on the road.

He had about a dozen people around him, and he was giving them the wildest kind of taffy by the yard, although he didn't see either Chips or Chin.

"Crunch me all up if I didn't have a cussed hard fight," he was saying, as they entered. "Yer see I didn't have nothin' in the shape of a weepin' but a pair of old hoss pistols when ther dozen Injuns leaped up from behind some brush, an' went for my har, screamin'. I sent a bullet clar through three on 'em, as stood in a row, with one

just what he was talking for, he was on his feet almost before the words were spoken.

"You're a snide an' a duffer," said Chips, walking up in front of him, followed by Chin.

"Great America!" exclaimed the astonished blower.

"Great humbug, you mean. This feller's a big overgrown duffer," he added, turning to the company, "as he's givin' yer the wust kind of taffy."

"Yer dry up, or I'll step on yer."

"No yer won't. Yer won't step on nobody," said Chips, talking right up to him, while Chin Chin pulled out his



There was a spinning Chinaman heels over head in one direction and a jack rabbit in another, while the old pistol went flying up in the air.

of my pistols, an' then I got two more on 'em in range, an' bored 'em both with my other bullet."

"Grut snaks!" exclaimed one old fellow who was taking it all in.

"Fact, if 'tain't, crunch me. But that's whar my durned luck went agin me. If I could have got them—ther varmints—inter two lines, I would have made cyote meat out of the hull lot with them two shots. But the others cum for me red hot, you bet. One ole cuss who seemed too allfired anxious to get ther fust crack at me, I picked up an' slung him down inter a gully 'bout a hundred feet, an' so I grabbed an' chucked—grabbed an' chucked, 'til I flung 'em all down thar."

"Grut snaks!" chimed the aged listener.

"Where's yer pistols?" asked another.

"Wal, stranger, this how it whar. Each one of ther two last that I grabbed an' chucked, caught hold of ther pistols in my belt, an' took 'em along. See?"

"Grut snaks!" put in the old man.

"A wonderful feat," suggested another.

"Oh, I'm a bad man when my camel's up. I'm Californy Joe, I am," said he, with a swagger.

"You Californy Joe?" asked the barkeeper.

"You bet!"

"Grut snaks!"

"Come an' take a drink," said several, and as this was

pistol and began to dance around while pointing it at him.

"Keep down that ere weapin'!" he exclaimed, while he attempted to get out of range.

"Grut snaks!"

"Chin Chin an' I, we's from 'Frisco, hoofin' it east; we caught a rabbit this mornin' an' was just eatin' it, when this big blower here bounced onto us with two big pistols; that one Chin got, an' this one, an' cleaned us out. But while he was a hoggin' down our broiled rabbit we hooked his pistols, an' then made him give back our money an' things."

"Don't yer believe a word of it. It's a lie!"

"No it arn't, an' I can prove it."

"No yer can't."

"I'll bet drinks for the crowd that I can; I'll bet drinks for the crowd that I can tell every thing yer got about yer Take me up?"

"Oh, yer go soak yer head."

"No I won't, an' you arn't man enough to make me do it."

"Grut snaks!" chimed in the old man, and it was evident that "California Joe" was getting unpopular with the company that in turn was now taking to Chips.

"I guess the kid's right," said the barkeeper.

"And I guess so, too," added the man who was on the point of treating the supposed hero.

"Run him out!" said several, and before the great Indian fighter could gather himself up, a dozen boots were trying to find their way under his coat tails, and many a hard fist was going for his ugly nob.

"Bounce him!"

"Heave him!"

"Hustle the son of a gun!"

"Scoot!"

"Git!"

"Waltz!"

"Clear out!" and other like hints were given him that

sick. Mile after mile, and not a house or living soul to be seen!

But our friends pushed on, and Chips would relieve the monotony of the tramp by occasionally getting Chin Chin on a string of some kind. This was also good for him, for he was inclined to get disheartened and to wish himself back to San Francisco again, and this feeling Chips could drive away.

Finally, when about half way between Auburn and Clipper Gap, they experienced a sensation that kept them well awake for the next few hours.



When the dog took a bite of Chinaman, poor Chin Chin thought his time had come, and he swore and prayed in all the languages he knew.

his popularity was at an end, seeing which, he made for the door fast enough to escape a large portion of the good things that were intended for him.

"Grut snaks!" mused the old man.

"Belly good man. Muchie fightie like sheep," said Chin Chin, amid much laughter.

The company at once took to Chips and questioned him about the affair, as well as about himself, and he soon made friends by telling his story, after which he kept them laughing by relating the misfortunes of Chin Chin, who had on a big grin all the while, and seemed to be enjoying it as much as any of them.

The result was that both Chips and Chin were given a good bed and a square meal in the morning, while the great Indian fighter was obliged to take up with whatever he could find.

Of course they both slept soundly, being thoroughly tired, and the next day they took again to the railroad to continue their journey, after convincing themselves that there was no chance for hooking a ride at Auburn.

Clipper Gap is seven miles from this town, and they resolved to push on, as there were better chances for getting on a freight train there.

They were feeling first-rate after their night's rest, and walked merrily along. The scenery is beautiful and grand, although the way is lonesome enough to make a dog home-

A big black bear came out of the woods, and squatting himself on the track just ahead of them appeared to be waiting for them to approach and be chawed up. Chips was frightened, of course, but poor Chin Chin was livid with terror.

"Comie back to 'Flisco!" he moaned, beseechingly.

"Don't be in a hurry, Chin. Let's wait a bit and see what he'll do."

"Oh, damie foolie! Comie putley klick an' eatie all up like Ilishman eatie tater."

"Wait, an' if he comes after us, we'll give him our pistols ter get up his appetite."

They sat down to watch the bear, but seeing that he had to go for his lunch if he got it, he began to walk toward them, while they walked backwards quite as fast, you'd better believe.

Finally he followed them into a deep cut from which there was no escape except at each end, and things began to look remarkably blue for them, especially as the bear could go much faster than they could.

While in this uncomfortable position they heard the approach of an express train at the other end of the cut, and now they had to look out for their lives in this direction, as the cut is only wide enough at the bottom for a train to pass, and so they forgot for a moment the old danger, and scrambled up the sides of the rock to avoid the new.

But the bear was so intent on getting his breakfast that he appeared not to notice the approach of the train until it was too late to escape it, and along it came like the wind, thundering through the rocky pass, and knocking the bees-wax right out of him quicker than he could have boxed his wife's ears.

The passage of the train almost tore them from the roots and twigs to which they clung for dear life, so great was the wind it produced. But it had done a good job for them, however, and they got down upon the track again with feelings of relief.

"Wonder how he liked that kick?" asked Chips.

"Belly goodie kick to' us. Heap mo' buttie than ram."

"I should say so. He's just right for hash now. But come, let's get out of this on the jump up and git."

They lost no time in getting out of the cut, and were soon trudging along again, congratulating themselves on their fortunate escape.

They walked along for a mile or so, when they were suddenly startled by half a dozen Indians who sprang out from behind a big rock, and went for them in the style we read about.

Chin Chin dropped on his knees, said a little prayer in Chinese, and then began to beg for mercy.

"What's the matter?" asked Chips of the Indians.

The leader answered by seizing him and going through his pockets in search of valuables, while the others went for Chin Chin with a show of curiosity, having, evidently never seen a Chinaman before.

His pig tail excited their wonderment the most, and they tried to pull it out, and succeeded in pulling out some tall yelling instead.

Seeing that it was fast to his head, one of them took a knife and began cutting it.

CHAPTER III.

THE Indians were dancing around him with their knives and tomahawks out ready for action, while poor Chin was so frightened that he almost became jelly.

And Chips wasn't so strong on his pins as he usually was, and his teeth were inclined to chatter a little as the big Indian grabbed and held him in his vise-like grasp.

"Ough!" said one of them, holding Chin's pigtail in one hand and a knife in the other. "Big monkey; tail on wrong end!"

"Oh, cussie damie! Poo' Chinaman all go pieces. Shabie—shabie!" moaned Chin Chin.

"Say, what's der matter wid you duffers, anyway?" asked Chips, after he had been robbed of everything he had, pistol, money, etc.

"Ough! heap small boy," growled the leader, turning from him in disgust.

"Chop monkey tail off he head," said another.

"Oh, cussie damie, no! All same cuttie damie head off, so be, all same, Chinaman no goodie no pigtail, shabie—shabie!" he said, with comical pathos.

The Indians cried "hi—hi!" which amounts to the same with them that a laugh does with anybody else, and after going through poor Chin, without, however, finding anything but the old horse-pistol and a few bits of the feast he and Chips had last enjoyed.

"Heap poo' trash!" said the Indians, and a grunt of general assent went through the party.

"Well, you red duffers must be cussed mean ter rob two poor devils like us, anyway," said Chips.

"Go hot hell," said one of the Indians.

"All right. You snoozers leave us alone an' let us go, will you?"

"So be, goodie damie cussie," chimed Chin Chin, attempting the coaxing dodge with them.

"Cut monkey tail off!" yelled the comic Indian of the gang.

"Oh, shable—shabie!" moaned Chin.

The Indians said "hi—hi!" again, and appeared to regard the thing as a joke. They were only a lot of tramps, going from one place to another and robbing and stealing whatever they had a chance.

But convincing themselves that they had got everything that the two poor devils possessed, they kicked them along down the road a few rods, all the while yelling "hi—hi!" and apparently having lots of fun, after which they turned and struck across the hills, continuing the journey they had been upon.

Poor Chips and Chin Chin were mad as blazes of course, but that wasn't all; they had been robbed of all they had in the world, and pretty roughly handled in the bargain. Chips was badly down in the mouth, but Chin Chin was treating his comical mug to a grin that was more than child-like and bland; it was a triumphant, comical smile.

"Ther big duffers!" growled Chips. "I wish I had a little rifle that would shoot about a million times without stopping, I'd fill them devils so full of bullets that they'd think they were lead mines. But what in thunder are you grinning at?" he demanded, angrily.

"So be—so be? Chinaman allie hunkly doley."

"Hunky dorie? How so? Didn't they go through yer an' take yer shooter an' dust?"

"Chin Chin allie hunkly doley!" he said, again, catching his cue in one hand and dancing around.

"Oh, you're tickled 'cause they didn't get yer pig-tail. Bah!"

"Chin Chin hunkly doley! No cuttie pig-tail; no gettie bits."

"What?"

"Chinaman bulley boy, glassie eyebrow!" said he, sitting down and pulling off his wooden shoes and displaying several pieces of silver.

"Oh, they didn't get down ter yer underpinning, did they? Well, that's bully for us," said Chips, smiling.

"Bully fo' me," said Chin Chin, replacing it.

"What! Arn't we pards?"

"So be, allie same, course."

"Well, you'd better whack. No nonsense, yer know."

"Oh, squalley likie brick," said Chin, earnestly.

"All right. But I should think it would hurt you to walk with them in your shoe."

"Hurtie damie muchie moley, so be, Indian gettie."

"That's so, and if you can stan' it, I can. But what the devil are we going to do now? Our shooters gone an' we cleaned out."

"Allie same," replied Chin, as they walked along.

"All thunder! I don't like it for a cent, I don't. I kick," growled Chips.

"Me allie same kickie."

"Oh, you be blowed!" replied Chips, and for the next mile or so they scarcely exchanged a word as they pegged along.

Chips was having a touch of the blue devils, although Chin was still as happy as a lark on account of not losing his cue and the few bits he had in his wooden shoes.

Nothing of any importance happened until about the middle of the afternoon, when they met a tramp who was footing it from Omaha to San Francisco, and naturally enough they compared notes.

"Hooked any rides?" asked Chips.

"One or two," replied the tramp.

"Bounced?"

"One or two."

"That's us."

"How's things in 'Frisco?"

"Dull. How's things east?"

"Duller'n blazes. What are you doin' with the John?"

"Oh, he's my pard. We take pot luck."

"Wal, I don't take any. Wish I did."

"Look out for Injuns. They cleaned us out this mornin'," said Chips.

"Injuns! What in thunder would they want to do with me?" asked the tramp, in wonder.

"Go through yer."

"Go through me? Go through thunder! Why, young un, they'd make more a goin' through last year's crows' nests than they would a goin' through me."

"Well, they cleaned us out."

"So be, allie same, but pig-tail," said Chin.

"Struck anythin' fat on ther way?"

"Struck a couple of rabbits; but we can't do that now, for them devils got our shooters."

"Wal, they won't trouble me, for sure. But I mean, did you find anybody as would stand you up for a bed or a square meal?"

"Only one at Auburn. How long yer been on the road?" asked Chips, looking the poor devil over from head to foot, and wondering if he should become as shabby.

"'Bout two months."

"Trampin' all the time?"

"Yer bet."

Chips gave a prolonged whistle, while Chin Chin opened his little almond-shaped eyes, and had some more to say about "hellie damie."

"Whar you uns goin'?"

"East."

"East? Thunder! Everythin' 's east on behind here for about a million miles, I guess," said the tramp.

"Oh, I guess not so bad as that."

"Wal, young un, yer'll think so when yer've been on ther tramp as long as I have."

"I don't care, I'm bound ter go until I find a good stoppin' place if I tramp forever."

"All right. I like yer pluck, little un; but you'll find it devilish tough, yer bet."

"Never mind, I'm done on Frisco, so good-by and good luck ter yer," said Chips, turning away.

"So be," chimed Chin Chin.

"Good luck—good thunder!" they heard him growl, as he slowly resumed his journey.

The condition of the poor fellow tended to make Chips feel all the bluer, and he walked along without saying a word for some time, while Chin seemingly felt as happy as a lark, caressing his long pig-tail every now and then, and singing snatches of songs as he trudged merrily along.

Finally they arrived at Clipper Gap, a place of no account now—having only a few deserted houses and a deserted appearance generally, but for three or four months it was the terminus of the great Pacific road, and was then quite a lively place.

They rested here for awhile, and then pushed on to another "burnt out" place, New England Mills. There was at one time quite a lumbering trade done here, but for some reason or other it has played out, and the trains no longer honor it by stopping there.

Reaching a spot where a lively little stream from the mountains crossed the road, Chips sat down to rest. In fact, he was both tired and hungry, and not a little inclined to be homesick. A few wild grapes was all they had eaten since morning, and Chips felt as though he would sell out his interest cheap.

Chin Chin, however, didn't seem to be tired or footsore, notwithstanding he still carried the silver pieces in his shoes, and while Chips lay on a grassy bank, resting and trying to think where they should make a raise for the next meal, Chin was hunting around in the bushes in a seemingly aimless way. In fact, Chips was taking no notice of him, whatever.

But Chin Chin was not idle. He searched around until he found a thorn bush, and securing one that had a barb or branch, he at once secured it, and with the assistance of a knife that the Indians had also overlooked (for it would puzzle "the old boy" himself to find anything about a

Chinaman), he trimmed it nicely and fastened it to the end of a stick about five feet long, with the assistance of some fibers of bark he peeled off.

Thus armed, and all the while comforting himself with singing, he left the track, near which Chips was resting, and stole cautiously down to a pool, where the brook formed into an eddy.

On looking carefully over the edge he was delighted to see several good-sized salmon swimming leisurely around near the surface.

"Ah! so be! Puttie headie on some fish, allie same," he muttered, and, cautiously watching his chance, he drove the barbed thorn into a lusty salmon, and had him on dry land so quickly that the poor fish didn't understand it at all.

"Ho! Chippie! Comlie see, heap fish flippie flappie!" he yelled.

"What is that you say?" asked Chips, leaping to his feet.

"Plentie goodie, flippie flappie!" said he, coming back to where Chips was standing.

"Why, how the blazes did you catch it?"

"Chinaman much fishie," and pulling the simple contrivance out of the fish, he showed it to him.

"Bully for you, Chin," said Chips, while his face brightened at the prospect of having something to eat; "you go and catch another one, and I'll make this one eatable in half of no time."

"Allie light; Chinaman more bully than Melican man, so be."

"That's so, and we'll eat this one, and take the other along with us."

Chips at once proceeded to dress the fish with Chin's knife, and soon had a fire going with which to broil it, while Chin Chin returned to the pool where he had been so fortunate.

In a few moments he got his eye on a big one, twice as large as the first one, and quick as a flash, he drove his thorn harpoon into him, and pulled him out on dry land before he knew it.

But he knew it soon after, and being a large game-fish, he made it lively for the Chinaman, who came near tumbling into the water in his struggles to retain his prize. It was one of those fish that would have given a fisherman a strong fight, had he been taken with a hook; but the barb had entered his back, and not only partially disabled it by the wound, but being held in such a way, he could not make so big a "kick."

"Oh, hellie damie! klick—klick! cussie flippie flappie knockie stuffin' allie out!" he yelled, as he fought with the fish to get it further upon the land.

"Got another, Chin?" he asked, without, however, looking up from his work.

"Gotie big one; no, he gotie me allie same," replied Chin Chin, just then securing the fish.

Chips stood up and laughed merrily at the plucky fight that his partner was making, at the same time encouraging him to keep it up.

"Allie same like whale. So be," said he, dragging his lusty catch up to where Chips was cooking the other.

"By jingoes! he is a big fellow. He'll keep until to-morrow all right."

"Olley one keepie, too, all same in belly," said he, puckering his mouth into a comical grin.

"You bet."

"Layie stillie!" he added, giving the dying fish a kick. "Kickie stuffin' out!"

"Now, then, pard, we'll wood up," said Chips, as he finished broiling the fish, and at it they went like the two hungry tramps they were.

Having picked the bones clean (and Chin saved all the sharp ones and stuck them into his coat sleeve as he would have placed a pin), they ran a stick into the gills of the

other and marched along again, feeling very much refreshed.

The sun was by this time setting behind the western hills, and they reached the New England Mills before dark, and found a place to sleep all night in an old, deserted saw-mill. You bet they were not long in finding the softest side of the floor, and getting their snoring apparatus to work, having hung the fish up to keep,

But it wasn't destined to keep for them. They slept so soundly that they were not awakened by the large wildcat who came prowling around the place after dark, and nosing out the salmon, he helped himself to almost the whole of it, going away gorged.

Chin Chin was the first to awake in the morning, and naturally enough he cast his eye up to where they had hung the fish.

It was not there, but on the floor he found the well-picked bones.

"Cussie damie! Chips, wakie up!" he said.

"What's the matter, Chin?"

"Mattle plenty; fishie gone."

"Fish gone?" asked Chips, springing to his feet.

"Oh, cussie—cussie, so be; all same gone likie woodbine," said he, pointing to the bones.

"Who did it?"

"Devil, splect."

"Some stray cat, more likely. That's rather rough, Chin, ain't it?"

"Evlybody same; damie steal!"

And he felt carefully around to see if his pig-tail was safe.

"Well, they haven't got our spear."

"Likie hellie, no," said he.

And going to an opening in the side of the mill, he discovered the remains of what had once been a pond, and now quite a pool.

In fact, it was a part of the same stream from which they had taken the other fish, a tributary of the American river, one of the most beautiful and picturesque in California.

So he caught up his spear and managed to climb down to the river, where he secured two more salmon in less than five minutes. This in reality is the way Chinamen fish in their native waters, and so Chin Chin was perfectly at home, and a master at the business.

The day was bright and beautiful, and going a short distance on down the track, they built a fire, and soon had a breakfast that wasn't to be sneezed at.

That day they made nearly twenty miles, reaching the town of Colfax, a place nestling up in the mountain-top, more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea, for it must be remembered that the Union Pacific road is on an up-grade until it passes the Sierra Nevada mountains, at points reaching an altitude of eight thousand feet above the sea level, but the rise is so gradual that a person would hardly know it.

They found fruit enough to sustain them during the day, in connection with their fish, but when they awoke in the morning, poor Chips found himself so lame and footsore that he could scarcely move.

"Chin, can you work?" he asked.

"Washie putly goodie."

"Can you do anything else?"

"Allie samie, so be eblything."

"Let's get a job here and earn money enough to ride a few hundred miles. What der yer say?"

"So samie, allie yitie."

Chin Chin was ready for anything. In fact, he would have tramped right along for two months more, without doubt, and no grumbling.

This being agreed upon they went into the town and tried to get work, but nobody appeared to want them. At length, however, some one told them of a farmer living about two miles away, who wanted help with his crops, and away they went to find him.

They were successful here, the farmer being a wide awake Yankee, who was putting the seed into his three hundred-acre farm for all the soil was worth.

He had several hands at work, but just when he wanted them the most, there came a report that gold had been discovered about twenty miles away, and nothing could keep them, and so Chips and Chin Chin happened along just in time.

The farmer's name was Clapp, and he had a large house, several girls to work in the dairy, and in all respects a model farm. Finding that our heroes were willing to do their best, he took them under his own direction for the first few days, and at the end of a week they understood portions of the business first-rate.

Both Chips and Chin were very much pleased with their new home. Chips, because among the help was a comical darkey who played the banjo, and Chin Chin, because he fully expected to have all the girls about the place in love with him in less than a month.

The work was pretty hard, but in spite of this they had good beds and food, and it beat tramping it on a railroad higher than a burnt boot.

And at night, when the work was done, they would all gather in the big kitchen and enjoy themselves, with music, singing or dancing, and both Chips and Chin began to be very much in love with their positions, although Chin failed to make the impression among the women folks he expected to make.

There was one lusty Irish girl that took his eye very much, and he made love to her whenever he could get a chance, although she laughed at him and the idea of his making love to her.

One evening, after they had been there about a fortnight, they were all seated around the kitchen; the work being done, and Mr. Clapp out of hearing, Chin took it into his head to make a bolder push toward the heart of Biddy McGloin, and he tried it.

"Och, the divil go toast ye, ye haythin!" said she. "Fui! the blazes wud I want ov the loikes ov yees?"

"Makie good husblan, so be. Speakie all same like Melican man."

"Go ter the divil out ov this! Begone, or I'll pull the pig-tail out ov yer head!"

"Makie all shavie, so be, like Melican man. Habie?" he asked, insinuatingly.

"Sure I'll not. Be aisy wid yer broken China."

"Hoppie, jumpie, skippie all lound loom, so be, like dance?" he asked, determined not to be bluffed.

The girl laughed in spite of her indignation.

"Divil a step ov dance ye have in ye, sure."

"Oh—oh! Dance likie hoppie, all same."

"Give us a dance, 'til we see what yer loike on them bug-crushers ov yourn," said she.

"Sing songie dancie?"

"Yis, onything."

"Makie slam bang noise on banjy?" he asked, turning to the darkey, Pete, who was fingering his banjo.

"Cose I can. What's der matter wid yer?"

"Singie songie, jumpie."

Pete remembered a tune that he had heard Chin singing while at his work, and so he started it.

Chin was anxious to show how much like the Melican youths he was, and having learned a song and dance that he had heard in San Francisco, he was anxious to show what he could do.

So he took his position in the middle of the floor, and commenced:

My name is Chin Chin, clum flom Chiney,

In a big large ship, come along here;

Win blow belly much, kick up a bobbery,

Ship make Chinaman feel belly queer;

Me bringie lilly gal, belly much nicie,

She come 'long to be my wife;

She slay she lovie me, oncie, twicie,
Make a big swear to her all my life.

Chorus and break.

Me likie bow-wow, belly good chow-chow,
Me likie lilly gal, she likie me;
Me fetchie Hong Kong, whitey man come along.
Take a lilly gal flom poor Chinee.

The singing and dancing were both quite good, for he had closely imitated some actor upon the stage, and of course was loudly applauded.

But the fun of it was, that the Irish girl had got so warmed up with the music that she could not keep her seat, and calling loudly for an Irish jig, she jumped up and began to batter the floor right merrily.

This was Chin Chin's chance, and so taking a position in front of her, he began to make his wooden shoes heard again, while his pigtail was flying about in all kinds of ways, and he seemed to be going wild.

"Hoop!" shouted the girl.

"Hoopie!" shouted Chin.

"Go it!" yelled everybody; and it proved to be one of the funniest dances ever seen.

The idea of a Chinaman dancing an Irish jig!

"Go ter the devil!" said she, pushing him.

"Me go dibblie, all same, so be," said he, dancing away fer dear life, and as a grand wind up he caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"Ye dirty haythin' ye!" she yelled, and seizing him by the pigtail she pulled him down upon the floor, where she hammered him as though hastily doing some needed repairs upon him.

Of course the unfortunate lover yelled, and the uproar brought the farmer to the room and an end was put to that little hurrah. Poor Chin Chin went to bed, his ardor for Irish sweethearts very much dampened.

The next day he was set plowing with a little jackass out in a field not far from the house. But it wasn't a success. The little long-eared animal didn't appear to understand him any better than he understood plowing or driving him.

The consequence was that about every rod the animal would send his heels out in the direction of Chin's head, and he would turn and run.

Mr. Clapp watched the performance for some time, disgusted, but being obliged to laugh, and then went to his relief for the purpose of showing how to do it.

"Cussie damie! all same like assjack labbit. All time kickie. P'laps knockie damie headie off an' makie Chinaman sick, you bettie," said he.

The farmer showed him how it was done and the donkey behaved well enough, but the moment Chin took hold of the plow handles again, up would go his heels and away Chin would skip for safety.

That night the help were all seated in the large kitchen again, when Chips took it into his head to have a little fun with his ventriloquial powers, and as Pete was a good subject, he began with him, calling in a voice that sounded exactly as though Mr. Clapp was calling him.

Laying his banjo down, he went to the sitting-room to see what was wanted. Then he imitated Mrs. Clapp, calling Bridget, and she went to see what the call was for. Next he called Chin Chin, and then several others.

Now, it so happened that Mr. and Mrs. Clapp were down to the village that evening, and the sitting-room was dark; but into it they all went, and of course this made trouble very soon; for Chin Chin came in contact with Bridget, and Pete, in poking about, had caught another of the girls in his arms, and the result was a rough and tumble fight there in the dark that was lively in the extreme.

Both Pete and Chin Chin got more than they wanted, and when they returned to the kitchen the question was, what did it mean anyhow, and how did it happen that they all went out on the same errand, and yet all for nothing?

While they were debating on the matter, and while poor Chin Chin was trying to find his eyes and his pigtail, Mr. Clapp's voice was again heard, this time out doors, calling Chin to take care of the donkey that had got loose.

"No—no, Clappie mister, donkey all same likie dam. Me no," said he, promptly.

"Pete, come out and take care of this donkey," the voice came.

"Goshermighty, wish folks would tend to dar business right," he growled, going from the house.

CHAPTER IV.

CHIPS had been trying his ventriloquism a little, and had succeeded in having considerable fun, and now he had sent Pete growling out into the darkness to secure the donkey that had got unfastened.

"Gosh blamed donkey, an' every body else," he growled, as he went from the kitchen, where the fun was going on briskly. "Whar am it, anyhow? Gosh blame. Massa Clapp—Massa Clapp!" he called, while Chips stood where he could hear and enjoy. "Gosh blame you'n yer donkey. Whar am dat yer loose animile? I don't see no donkey. Whoa dar! Whar am yer?" and he prowled around in the darkness after the imaginary stray donkey for some time, all the while growling in such a way as to be heard by those in the kitchen.

Chips stole out into the darkness, and got behind a clump of bushes, where he imitated the bray of a jackass to perfection.

"Oh, dar's whar you am, hey? Gosh blame if I don't jis about hammer dat yer animile all inter soapfat. Go 'long dar!" yelled Pete, catching up a large stick, and going for the clump of bushes. "Go 'long back to de barn or I make coyote meat out of yer. Go 'long!" and then he began to whack around among the bushes in a way that made it decidedly lively for Chips, who had to do some tall dodging in order to escape without a broken head. "Better not fool wid me, I kin tole yer. Go 'long!"

Then Chips imitated the growl of a dog, and Pete started back in surprise.

"Gosh blame my skin, if dar amn't a dog dar," he mused. "Wonder who dog it am? Massa Clapp, whar am yer?" he asked, softly.

"Out here. Why don't you get that donkey?" came a voice, seemingly down by the barn.

"Gosh blame, whar am he?"

"Out here by the well," and away started Pete, growling to himself.

He searched for some time, without, of course, finding the animal.

"'Pear jus' like de debil am a foolin' round dis yer farm, anyhow. I don't see no animile. Whar am dat yer beast, Massa Clapp?" he called.

"Down here somewhere," came a voice, several rods further away.

"Gosh darn if I care. I arn't gwine ter fool my time 'way nosin' 'round heah in de dark. If he am out of de barn, leef him stay out," and he started back for the house.

Chips tried three or four other dodges to make him stay and keep up the hunt, but he wouldn't have it for a cent, and so went back.

"Where yer been, Pete?" asked Chips, who came back soon after, and looked as innocent as a clam.

"Been out dar huntin' fo' dat yer gosh blame donkey. Whar am Massa Clapp?" he asked, looking around.

"He hasn't got back yet."

"Hasn't got back! Didn't you heah him out dar callin' me fo' ter put in dat animile?" he asked, with much indignation. "Wha' yer givin' me taffy fo'?"

"Allie same, so be. Ilish Melican gal give me taffy," said Chin Chin, who still stood wiping his bleeding nose,

the which he had lately received for being too loving towards the Irish girl, Bridget.

"Begorra, an' I'll be afther givin' ye a gum drap the next time ye come foolin' about me wid yer blarney in broken China," said she.

Chin Chin opened his little almond eyes and took a look at her, but he made no reply.

"I thought yer was a masher, Chin," said Chips, laughing at his woe-begone companion.

"No, *she* mashie me likie hellie," said he.

"That's because yer didn't go in sweet on her. Try it again, Chin."

"No—no. Me got belly heap full," said he, turning away in supreme disgust.

"*Pete!*" came a voice from the cellar under the kitchen, and the darkey leaped to his feet.

"Who dat?" demanded he.

"*Your friend.*"

"Who my frien'?"

"*The devil,*" came the sepulchral voice.

Pete turned almost white, and his hair stood as nearly on end as it was possible for wool to stand.

"How's that, Pete?" asked Chips, while the others huddled together and looked as though they suspected that the old fellow might be their friend as well.

"Don't know nuffin' 'bout it nohow," he stammered.

"*Come along, Pete, I've got it warm for you.*"

"Go 'long! Don't know nuffin' 'bout nuffin'."

"*Ha—ha—ha! Come along! You're my meat.*"

"Gosh blame if I am," said Pete, with chattering teeth.

"*Yes, you are, and so is Chin Chin,*" said the voice.

"Oh, hellie damie! me Chinaman," said Chin Chin, becoming so frightened that his pigtail stood on end.

"*Come along, both of you.*"

"Gosh blame."

"Hellie damie, we gittie!" said Chin, and he darted from the room out into the darkness, followed by Pete.

As luck would have it, Mr. and Mrs. Clapp were just returning from their visit, and both the badly frightened negro and Chinaman ran into and knocked them over into the grass, while, just to make it lively for all hands, the house dog that had accompanied them pounced upon the two unfortunates and gave them a bad shaking up, and all hands started such a yell as was never heard there before.

When the dog seized Pete by the seat of his pants he thought the devil had him for a certainty, and he prayed and swore at the same time, and then when he let up on the darkey and took a bite of Chinaman, poor Chin Chin thought his time had come, and he swore and prayed in all the languages he knew.

And in the meantime Mr. Clapp was striking out right and left and knocking both of them gally west, while doing his share of the swearing, and his wife was doing her best, as she tumbled around in the grass, to outscreech Chin Chin.

The other servants screamed and brought lights to the door, and in the course of ten minutes each began to see who the other was and to crawl out of the snarl into which they had tumbled.

But poor Chin Chin, as usual, got the worst of it. The dog had sampled him in several places and Mr. Clapp had plugged him in the head, while Mrs. Clapp had nearly pulled his pigtail out by the roots. Both he and Pete looked sick and sorry.

Of course Mr. Clapp demanded an explanation, and Pete attempted to tell him about the devil down cellar calling for them and their frantic attempt at getting away from him. But as the boss was a solid man, he ridiculed the affair and accused them of being drunk from the brandy in the cellar.

"Massa Clapp, fo' de Lor', dat yer am de fac' an' all ob 'em know it," protested Pete.

"Bosh!" replied the boss.

"So be, allie same," Missie Clappie. Debel callie come

down cellar, an' we skippie all same like hellie, betie you," said Chin Chin.

"What do they mean, Chips?" asked the boss.

"I give her up, boss," replied Chips, promptly.

"Don' you stan' dar an' say dat. Didn't you heah de debil down cellar callin' fo' us?" asked Pete, indignantly

"No, I'll be hanged if I did."

"Neither did they. Now you get to bed in short order or I'll make you think the devil is after you and no mistake. Git, the whole lot of you."

"Allie same, hellie damie," muttered Chin Chin, as he limped away to the sleeping quarter, followed by the others.

To tell the truth, they had all heard Chips' ventriloquism, and were almost as ready to believe that the "Old Boy" was after them as was Pete and Chin. Several of them, however, caught Chips laughing so heartily over the affair that they half suspected that he had something to do with the scare.

"What's the matter, Chin?" asked Chips, after they had reached the large room where the men all bunked.

"Whatie mattie? damie hellie mattie. Come debil down cellar; tumble down; cussie doggie bite; Clappie knockie stuffin' allie out eye, so be," and he held a candle up so that all could get a look at his damaged China mug.

A loud laugh came from all hands, which made him as mad as a hornet.

"Laughie all same likie damie fool."

"Well, you shouldn't get the devil after you," said one of the men.

Chin went growling to his bunk, where he curled himself up and got to sleep as quickly as possible without taking any further notice of the others, who laughed for nearly an hour before they could get quieted down.

As for Pete, he felt sure that the "Old Boy" had made a call on him, and he could not get to sleep until he had repeated all the little prayers and sang all the pious hymns he knew.

The next day Chin Chin and Chips were hoeing together about a mile from the house and talking over their prospects of resuming their journey east again. The work they had been hired to do was nearly finished, after which there would be nothing for them to do, and once more they would be on their oars with only about ten dollars between them.

That was quite a fortune, it was true, for it was more than they had possessed for a long time, but it would go only a short distance if they attempted to pay their way on the cars.

They were talking the matter over in this way when Chin suddenly stooped down and picked up something from where he was hoeing. Suddenly dropping his hoe he placed the find in his mouth and began to bite and taste it, all the while winking his little eyes and dancing around as though he had a hot potato in his mouth.

"What is it, Chin?" asked Chips, watching him with great curiosity.

"Damie—damie, guess!" replied Chin.

"Guess what?"

"Guessie be."

"Guess it's a bee! Well, if it is, and he has got his tools with him, I guess you'll soon find out whether it is or not."

Chin Chin, however, made no reply, but kept chewing at it and rolling it around in his mouth, and skipping about in the wildest manner.

"What ails yer?"

"So be, guess," and taking from his mouth the lump he had placed there, he glanced at it hurriedly, and then resumed the former operation.

"Guess you've got the jim-jams."

"Heap big jimmy-jammy! Flind some mo'," said he.

"What is it?"

"Lumpie—lumpie?"

"What, gold?"

"Betie you; all same like hellie."

"Let's see?"

"Heap damie good," and once more he took from his mouth a lump about as large as a hickory nut, and held it up to Chips.

It was, indeed, a lump of pure gold, and was worth nearly fifty dollars.

"Jewhitterker!" exclaimed Chips. "It's real dust."

"Betie you, so be evly time."

"Wonder if there's any more of them nuggets here?"

"So be evly time, heaps," and at it they both went, hoeing and making the dirt fly lively.

But that one lump was all they could find, although Chin Chin nearly wore his teeth out, so many lumps of dirt, stones, etc., did he ram into his mouth, his peculiar method of testing them to make sure whether they were gold or not. In fact, they went all over that patch of ground during the day, and back again in the same way, so eagerly did they keep up the hunt for the mate to the lump they had already secured.

Had they possessed the required implements they might possibly have found quite a lot of gold there, for it is to be found in larger or smaller quantities all over California. Sometimes, however, a larger lump, or nugget, will be found, as in this instance, and never any more.

Finally they heard the horn blow for supper, and concluded to give up the search.

"Mum, now remember!" said Chips.

"Mumie, how?"

"Why, if you blab that you've scooped a nugget, old Clapp will claim it."

"Clappie, damie!"

"Well, he will, an' it's the law. Don't say a word about it."

"Allie yitie, allie same, dumb like oyster shell; heap big luckie; hi—hi!"

"You bet, an' now we'll take a big jump on east. Gracious, another one of them beauties would take us clear through!"

Both Chips and Chin Chin had seen lots of native gold in San Francisco, and both knew how it was found, consequently there was no possibility of either of them being deceived in the "find."

It put them both in good humor, and Chin was almost tempted to renew his love-making to Bridget, and probably would have done so had his nose been well. But the soreness of that ornamental organ made him feel rather shy, and it was this very soreness that kept it from being still more sore, for Bridget was a "wrestler."

The next week their work was finished, and after receiving their wages they bade their companions farewell and took the cars for Gold Run, two hundred and four miles from San Francisco.

The adventures of our friends will be continued in "Wide Awake Library," No. 184, entitled "Chips and Chin Chin among the Mormons."

READ THE "BOSS,"

THE

Boys of New York.

All the Favorite Authors of the Day Write for it.

For Sale by All Newsdealers,

Or Sent from this Office on Receipt of Price, **5 Cents** per Copy.

Address

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

[BOX 2730.]

LATEST ISSUES OF THE 5 CENT WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY.

- 720 Kidnapped; or, Forced on a Man o' War.... By J. G. Bradley
721 Jack o' the Plains; or, The Headless Mazeppa By Paul Braddon
722 The Prisoners of the Castle; or, A Blow for Freedom.....By Jas. D. Montague
723 Muldoon, the Sport—comic.....By Tom Teaser
724 A Newsboy's Trip Around the World.....By H. K. Shackelford
725 In Dixie; or, A War Correspondent's Thrilling Adventures.....By Col. Ralph Fenton
726 The Skeleton Sentinel.....By Lieut. E. H. Kellogg
727 Muldoon's Vacation—comic.....By Tom Teaser
728 The Valleydale Social Club; or Ruined by Wine By H. K. Shackelford
729 Davy Crockett's Vow; or, His Last Shot for Vengeance.....By Kit Clyde
730 Keeping His Word; or, "Lucky" Landy's Pluck.....By Jas. D. Montague
731 Young Tom Drake; or, Bound to be a Captain By the Author of "Privateer Tom," etc., etc.
732 The Mystic Maiden; or, Through Deadly Dangers.....By Corp. Morgan Rattler
733 The Exiled Prince; or, Two Boy Explorers in Alaska.....By J. G. Bradley
734 Pilot Boat No. 7 and Its American Boy Captain By Kit Clyde
735 In the Wild West; or, On the Plains With Buffalo Bill.....By Robert Maynard
736 A Sailor Boy's Kingdom; or, Young America in the South Sea Islands..By H. K. Shackelford
737 The Forest Mystery.....By Jas. D. Montague
738 Beaver Ben; or, Three Voyagers in the Yellow-stone.....By Kit Clyde
739 A Waif from the Sea; or, Flung from the Foam By Thomas P. Murray
740 The Book Agent's Luck—comic.....By "Ed"
741 Dandy Rock, the Man from Texas.....By D. W. Stevens
742 Near the Gallows; or, A Young Man's Peril By R. T. Emmet
743 Dick Daunt the Diver; or, Down Among the Sponge-Cutters.....By J. G. Bradley
744 Across the Continent on Wings; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Greatest Flight.....By "Noname"
745 Lost in an Unknown Sea; or, Adventures Under the Earth.....By Jas. D. Montague
746 The Shorty Kids; or, Three Chips of Three Old Blocks—comic.....By Peter Pad
747 Dick Walton Among the Cannibals.....By W. I. James, Jr.
748 The Six Swordsmen; or, The Boy Cavalier.....By Richard R. Montgomery
749 The Mutineers; or, Dick Walton in the South Seas.....By W. I. James, Jr.
750 Frank Reade, Jr., Exploring Mexico in His New Air-Ship.....By "Noname"
751 The Fighting Twins; or, The Cavaliers of Mystery.....By Richard R. Montgomery
752 Five Dollars; or, A Cheap Revenge.....By Percy B. St. John
753 Mike McGuinness; or, Traveling for Pleasure—comic.....By Tom Teaser
754 Old Grudge, the Scout; or, The Castle on the Lake.....By "Noname"
755 Young Sam Patch, the Champion Boy Jumper By H. K. Shackelford
756 Little Jack and His Twenty Boy Firemen.....By Robert Lennox
757 Dick Spray; or, A Stowaway's Trip to China..By J. G. Bradley
758 Barnum's Hunters; or, Trapping Wild Animals for the Greatest Show on Earth.....By Richard R. Montgomery
759 The Seven Masks; or, The Quaker City League By Percy B. St. John
760 Muldoon's Night School—comic.....By Tom Teaser
761 The Unlucky Miner; or, The Rivals for Dead Man's Claim.....By Paul Braddon
762 Cal, the Cowboy; or, The Young King of Lassoes.....By D. W. Stevens
763 His First Drink; or A Country Boy's Life in New York.....By H. K. Shackelford
764 The Czar's Boy Mail-Carrier; or, Young America in Russia.....By C. Little
765 Trappers and Trailers.....By "Noname"
766 On the Queen's Service.....By J. G. Bradley
767 Tick Tack, the Messenger Boy; or, Sharp Work for a Million.....By Robert Lennox
768 Sam Spry, the New York Drummer; or, Business Before Pleasure.....By Peter Pad
769 A Lost Boy; or Homely Jack's Luck.....By R. T. Emmet
770 The Black Rider.....By Ralph Morton
771 A Week Above the Clouds; or, Cast Adrift in a Balloon.....By Hal Standish
772 The Young Moonlighter; or, An American Boy in Ireland.....By J. T. Brougham
773 Dashing Del, the Knight of the Knife; or, The Maniac Father.....By Paul Braddon
774 Little Matt, the Pilot; or, The Perils of the Lake.....By C. Little
775 The Irish Boy Monte Cristo.....By Corp. Morgan Rattler
776 A Cruise Among Pirates; or, The Blue-beards of the Sea.....By Kit Clyde
777 The Little Joker—comic.....By Sam Smiley
778 The Two Runaways; or, The Hardships of a Circus Life.....By Hal Standish
779 The School-boys' League; or, Working His Way Against Odds.....By Robert Lennox
780 Lucky Lal, the Newsboy; or, Climbing the Ladder of Fame.....By C. Little
781 Lost in the Land of Snow; or, Two American Boys in the Arctic.....By R. T. Emmet
782 Coal Mine Kit.....By Percy B. St. John
783 The Band of 12; or, The Knights of the Trail...By Paul Braddon
784 Muldoon the Fireman—comic.....By Tom Teaser
785 Diving for Gold.....By Kit Clyde
786 The 12 Owls; or, The Secret Band of Chicago By Paul Braddon
787 The Fire King; or, The Yankee Boy Explorer By R. T. Emmet
788 The Boy Bank Messenger; or, Brave Bob Bradshaw's Secret Foe.....By C. Little
789 His Last Cent; or, How Joe Dutton Made His Fortune.....By H. K. Shackelford
790 Born to be a Sailor.....By Kit Clyde
791 The Electric Man; or, Frank Reade, Jr., in Australia.....By "Noname"
792 Satan; or, The Mystery of Ten Years.....By Howard De Vere
793 Those Quiet Twins—comic.....By Peter Pad
794 The Czar's Messenger; or, The Burning of Moscow.....By R. T. Emmet
795 A Soldier at 16; or, Fighting for the Union...By C. Little
796 Teddy of the Toll Gate; or, The Man With the Green Shades.....By Corp. Morgan Rattler
797 The Mayflower Boys; or, Life in a Yankee School.....By Percy B. St. John
798 The Young Snow Trailers; or, Big Track, the Giant Moose Hunter.....By Paul Braddon
799 Denny the Clown. A Story of Circus Life in Ireland.....By Corporal Morgan Rattler
800 On the Rail; or, Perils in the Life of a Young Engineer.....By Albert J. Booth
801 3,000 Miles on a Bicycle; or, A Race Across the Continent.....By C. Little
802 Fearless Phil; or, The Hero of Rugged Rift....By Paul Braddon
803 The Shortys' Christmas Rackets—comic.....By Peter Pad
804 Claim 4; or, The Hunchback of Placer Pocket By "Noname"
805 The Miser's Son.....By H. K. Shackelford
806 The Waifs of New York.....By N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor).
807 Brian the Bear; or, The Pranks of a Wild Irish Boy.....By Corporal Morgan Rattler
808 The Haunted Bell Tower; or, The Hidden Mystery.....By Percy B. St. John
809 Two Years on an Island of Ice..By Albert J. Booth
810 A Bootblack's Luck.....By C. Little
811 Around the World in a Balloon; or, Thousands of Miles Through the Air.....By R. T. Emmet
812 The Fur Hunters of Winnipeg..By Paul Braddon
813 Six Weeks Under Ground.....By Kit Clyde
814 The President's Boy; or, The Hero of the White House.....By H. K. Shackelford
815 The Electric Horse; or, Frank Reade, Jr., and His Father in Search of the Lost Treasure of the Peruvians.....By "Noname"
816 Lion Luke, the Boy Animal Tamer.....By Percy B. St. John
817 Carillo, the Corsair; or, The Mysterious Monarch of the Mediterranean.....By J. G. Bradley
818 Fearless Phil's Chase.....By Paul Braddon
819 The Ghost of the School-House.....By C. Little
820 The Young Avenger; or, The Knight of the Silk Mask.....By "Noname"
821 Up and Down; or, The Life of an Elevator Boy By Percy B. St. John
822 Dick the Middy; or, A Boy's Life on a Man-o'-War.....By J. G. Bradley
823 Footlight Fred the Boy Actor; or, Bound to be a Star.....By N. S. Wood
824 A Rolling Stone; or, Jack Ready's Life of Fun —comic.....By Peter Pad
825 The Secret of the Tattooed Map..By R. T. Emmet
826 Custer's Little Dead Shot; or, The Boy Scout of the Little Big Horn.....By "Noname"
827 A Queer Race. The Story of a Strange People By William Westall
828 Kit Carson's Boy Trapper.....By Paul Braddon
829 Slippery Ben, the Boy Spy of the Revolution..By Percy B. St. John
830 Paddy Miles' Luck; or, The Irish Boy Miner..By Corp. Morgan Rattler
831 The Boy Fish; or, Little Dick the Diver.....By R. T. Emmet
832 Ben the Bowsmen; or, Adventures in the Montezuma Swamp.....By C. Little
833 The Mastodon's Cave; or, Two Wide Awake Boys in the Far West.....By Percy B. St. John
834 The Boy Stage Driver; or, The Hero of Rocky Pass.....By Paul Braddon
835 From Newsboy Up; or, A New York Boy in Business.....By N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor)
836 Alone in the Wild West.....By R. T. Emmet
837 The Secret of the Sealed Gold Mines..By "Noname"
838 Little Blondin, the Tight-Rope Walker..By C. Little
839 From New York to San Francisco in a Catamaran.....By John Sherman
840 A Young Jay Gould; or, A Boy Among the Money Kings.....By H. K. Shackelford
841 Only an Errand Boy; or, Getting Up in the World.....By R. T. Emmet
842 Jack Ready's School Scrapes—comic..By Peter Pad
843 The Ice-Boat Boys; or, Cruising on Frozen Waters in the Northwest.....By C. Little
844 Little Blind Joe; or, The Sharks of New York. By N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor)
845 Young Ironclad, the Boy Gunner..By John Sherman
846 The Boy Gold Hunters; or, Young New York in California.....By R. T. Emmet
847 The Shortys in the Wild West—comic..By Peter Pad
848 Billy the Bugler. A Story of Governor's Island and New York.....By C. Little
849 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Chase Through the Clouds. By "Noname"
850 A Lucky Boy; or, The Mystery of an Iron Chest.....By R. T. Emmet
851 My Friend Smith.....By Talbot Baines Reed
852 The Boy Crusoes; or, The Young Castaways of the Pacific.....By St. George Rathborne
853 Jerry the Tumbler; or, The Wonder of the Ring.....By Corporal Morgan Rattler
854 Ned, the Bound Boy; or, Through 100 Miles of Foes.....By C. Little
855 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Team.....By "Noname"
856 The Shortys' Christmas Snaps—comic.....By Peter Pad
857 Two Waifs; or, Afloat in New York.....By N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor)
858 Fearless Phil in Disguise; or, The Tiger's Last Plot.....By Paul Braddon
859 A Southern Boy in New York; or, Bound to Make His Money.....By H. K. Shackelford
860 Steamboat Billy; or, The State-Room Secret..By Percy B. St. John
861 The Boy Liec Tamers; or, Adventures in Africa By Kit Carson. A Story of the Early Days of Kansas.....By R. T. Emmet
862 The Boy Samson; or, Taking Care of Himself. By C. Little
863 The Boy From New York; or, A Fight for Five Millions.....By Percy B. St. John
864 Smart & Co. the Boy Peddlers—comic.....By Peter Pad
865 A Chicago Boy; or, Up From the Lowest....By John Sherman
866 An Old Boy; or, Maloney After Education—comic.....By Tom Teaser
867 The Boy Telegraph Operator; or, The Mystery of a Midnight Message.....By Col. Ralph Fenton
868 Dick Boldhero; or, The Strange Adventures of a Young Yankee Sailor.....Written by Himself
869 Garry the Greenhorn; or, From Stowaway to Senator.....By Corporal Morgan Rattler
870 From Errand Boy to Lawyer; or, Bound to be at the Top.....By R. T. Emmet
871 Bob Allen's Ranch; or, A Cattle King at 17...By C. Little
872 Behind the Scenes; or, Out with a New York Combination—comic.....By Peter Pad
873 A Boy Among the White Caps; or, A Victim of the Last.....By Paul Braddon
874 General Washington's Boy; or, The Youngest Soldier in the Revolution.....By Ralph Morton
875 Pawnee Bill and the Oklahoma Boomers.....By Geo. W. Goode
876 Frank Reade, Jr.'s Search for a Sunken Ship; or, Working for the Government..By "Noname"
877 Young Captain Tom Drake; or, In Search of the Pirate's Home.....By the Author of "Captain Tom Drake," etc.
878 A Bad Boy's Note Book—comic.....By "Ed"
879 The Young Railroad King; or, From Brake-man to President.....By Col. Ralph Fenton
880 Joe Junk, the Whaler; or, Anywhere for Fun —comic.....By Peter Pad
881 Lost on the Atlantic.....By Howard De Vere
882 Monitor Matt; or, The Giant of the Waves. A Story of the Great Rebellion..By Ralph Morton
883 The Boy Rovers; or, The Adventures of Two Plucky Boys.....By C. Little
884 His Own Boss; or, The Boy Captain of Cat-head Lake.....By Percy B. St. John
885 Braving the Flood; or, The Plucky Fight of Two Johnstown Boys.....By R. T. Emmet
886 Muldoon the Solid Man—comic.....By Tom Teaser
887 The Boy Star; or, From the Footlights to Fortune.....By N. S. Wood
888 The Young Commander; or, A New York Boy in the Southern War.....By Ralph Morton
889 Two in a Box; or, The Long and Short of it—comic.....By Tom Teaser
890 The Soldier's Son; or, The Secret of the House of Eight Pines. A Story of New York.....By C. Little
891 Satin Sam the Young Western Sport.....By Paul Braddon
892 The Funny Four—comic.....By Peter Pad
893 The White Queen of the Aztecs; or, Two Yankee Boys in Mexico.....By R. T. Emmet
894 The Deacon's Son; or, The Imp of the Village —comic.....By Tom Teaser
895 The Boy Slave of the Galley; or, The Mystery of the Treasure Ship.....By Percy B. St. John
896 A Bad Egg; or, Hard to Crack—comic.....By Tom Teaser
897 Two Years With a Pirate; or, The Phantom Ship of the Gold Coast.....By J. G. Bradley
898 Muldoon's Boarding House—comic..By Tom Teaser
899 The Boy Diamond King; or, The Young Monte Christo of New York.....By C. Little
900 Ikey; or, He Never Got Left—comic..By Tom Teaser
901 The Armorer's Son; or, The Mystery of the Tower of London.....By Allyn Draper
902 Jimmy Grimes; or Sharp, Smart & Sassy..comic.....By Tom Teaser

The above books are for sale by all Newsdealers, or will be sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of the price, 5 cents per copy. Address

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

P. O. Box 2730.

34 and 36 NORTH MOORE ST., NEW YORK.